THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

August C. Jennings

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

http://archive.org/details/verylittletalesf00phil

VERY

LITTLE TALES

FOR

VERY LITTLE CHILDREN;

IN SINGLE SYLLABLES

OF

THREE AND FOUR LETTERS.

FIRST SERIES.

FIRST AMERICAN

FROM THE SIXTH LONDON EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:
GEO. S. APPLETON, 148 CHESNUT ST.
NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON & CO. 200 BROADWAY.
1848.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

PREFACE, ... 7

PREFACE TO THE SIXTH EDITION, ... 11

TALE FIRST.—THE CAT AND THE HEN, 13

TALE SECOND.—A CAT IN A BAG, ... 57

TALE THIRD.—SAM AND HIS DOG RED LEG, ... 91

TALE FOURTH.—BOB AND TOM LEE, .. 133

PREFACE.

THOSE persons who know the difficulty of putting into words of three or four letters, any connected story suited to the capacity, and calculated to fix the attention of an infant, will, it is

hoped, feel more disposed to thank the writer for attempting this little work, than to blame her for not having been more successful in its performance.

It is meant only for children who have just acquired the knowledge of their alphabet; a period in juvenile education which has

been hitherto left without any provision of the kind; and the tales, being all progressive, are designed, by an easy and gradual ascent, to lead the young learner on to the various early lessons provided by many excellent writers for the more advanced stages of infantine acquirement.

May He, without whose aid no work can prosper, give the little book his blessing!

PREFACE

TO

THE SIXTH EDITION.

THE suitableness of this little work to its object, is proved by the fact, that the first edition went off *within* three weeks from the day of its publication, and that a fourth was required in

less than eighteen months after that time.

The careful revision which better experience of its usefulness has encouraged the writer to bestow upon it, will, she trusts, render it more deserving of the approbation with which it has already been favoured by the public.

FIRST TALE.

THE CAT AND THE HEN.

THE CAT AND THE HEN.

FIRST TALE.

IN WORDS OF THREE LETTERS.

PART I.

AN OLD BOY.

One boy had a pet cat; it was an odd pet, was it not? and one had a pet hen; it was an odd pet too.

Ned, the boy who had the cat, was a bad boy. He was not big, but he was old: he was ten; and yet he was bad.

Hal, the boy who had the hen, was a big boy: he was not so old as the bad boy, but he was big for

his age: he was but six.

The boy of ten had a bad fit one day; and tho' he was so old, he did cry all day; but no one saw why.

The big boy was sad to see him cry, and he did ask him, "Ned, why do you

cry all day ?" and did try not to let him.

But the bad boy hit him a box on the ear ; and put him off,

and did say in a pet, "Sir, do not ask me why I cry; I may cry or not as I see fit: you are bad to me, sir."

"Oh no, Ned, I am not bad to you: I do not ask why you cry, as you bid me not."

PART II.

A SAD BOY.

***Boy of six.*—"Why did you say I was bad to you, Ned?"**

***Boy of ten.*—"You are bad to me, sir."**

***Boy of six.*—"Oh**

Ned! I do not say *sir* to you. Pa-pa did say to me, one day, it was bad to say *sir*; so do not say *sir* to me, Ned."

Boy of ten.—"I may say sir, if I see fit; and I *do* say *sir* to you, for you are bad to me, *sir*."

Boy of six.—"How am I bad to you, Ned? Say how I am bad to you, and I can try not to be so.

Boy of ten.—"No, you do not try; you *are* bad to me. Did you not get the pet hen from the old man at the cot, tho' I did

ask him for it, to lay an egg for me ?"

Boy of six.—"Yes, I did get the hen, but the old man at the cot got it for me, and put it in to my box, to lay an egg for me: he did not get it for you, Ned."

Boy of ten.—"I can

get it off the nest yet, sir."

Boy of six.—"If you are so bad to me, Ned, I can go to Tom Orr, who is as old as you are, and yet he is not bad to me."

Boy of ten.—"Do go off to him. Go; you got a dog for Tom,

and you got no dog, or no hen, for me; so you see you are bad to me."

Hal ran to Tom Orr, to sit by him; for Tom was a boy who was not bad; no one saw him bad for one day, old as he was.

PART III.

A SAD BOY.

***Hal.*—"Oh! Tom, I am so sad to day; I can not say to you how sad I am."**

***Tom.*—"Why are you sad, Hal?**

Hal.—"I am sad to see Ned so bad a boy: he is in his old bad fit to day; and I can not get him out of it all I can do."

Tom.—"He may go out of it now: we are not by to see him; for he is a sad bad boy: but, as we can

not get him out of it, do not let us be sad."

Hal.—"No, do not let us be sad. It is a hot day, so let us go out. Let us get our dog, and run to the new cut hay."

Tom got his dog; and Hal and he ran off to the hay, and lay

on it in the hot sun: and Tom put hay on the top of his dog, and hid him for fun. So the dog got out, and ran off to Ned. Tom and Hal ran too; and as Hal ran up to Ned, he saw him sit on his box, (the box he had for

his hen,) and Hal did cry out to Tom, "Oh! Tom, Ned has got my box, and my pet hen; and if the hen is in the box, and can not get air, she may die. Do, Tom, bid him not sit on the lid of the box; and do ask him to let my hen get

out." So Tom bid Ned let Hal get his own hen out of the box.

But the bad boy sat on the box lid, and did not get off it; and he had a sad air.

PART IV.

A NEW BOY.

Now, Ned was a sad bad boy, we all see; but, bad as he was, he now saw his own sin; for as Tom and Hal lay in the

hay, God had let him see how bad he was, as you are now to see. As he sat on the box lid, he did say to Hal, "Oh, Hal, you are not bad to me, but I was bad to you: you do not yet see how bad I was to you." And Ned did cry.

"But now I ask you not to put me off; for, if I try, you may yet see me a new boy, and may let me be a pet boy to you, as you are to Tom Orr."

Hal.—"Yes, yes, you are my pet boy now. Oh, joy, joy, Tom! we may all cry

joy to day, for Ned is not a bad boy now."

Tom, in joy.—"Do you say so?"

Hal.—"Yes, he is a new boy."

Ned.—"I can try to be a new boy; but you do not see how bad I *was* yet."

Tom.—"Oh, if you

try not to be bad, it is all we ask; so now be gay, as we are; and let us all run to the new cut hay."

Hal.—"Yes, let us all run off, and we can put the dog, and the cat, and the pet hen, all in the hay for fun; and Ned can see

the dog and the cat run out of the hay; and the hen fly off to her sod hut. Let us get the cat and the hen, and

PART V.

A BOY SAD FOR HIS SIN.

Ned did not get up: he did cry on; and he did say, "Go, Hal, run to the hay, but let me sit on the box, for I am sad."

Tom.—"But why are you sad, Ned? you are not bad now."

Ned.—"Oh, no, not now; but I was *so* bad."

Hal.—"How, Ned, do say how?"

Ned.—"I put the cat in to the box, on the top of the hen,

and sat on the lid to vex you, Hal; and the cat bit the hen; and the hen put out the eye of my cat, but the *cat* did not die; no, *it* got out, and ran off, as I put up the lid of the box."

Hal.—"And did my pet hen die?"

Ned.—"Oh, yes, Hal, you may see it lie in the box; so you see now, how bad I am;" and Ned did cry and sob.

Tom put up the lid of the box, and Hal saw his pet hen lie! Oh! it was sad to see her; and Hal ran off

not to see her die: and he hid in the sod hut; for, tho' he was not a bad boy, yet he did cry for his pet hen

PART VI.

A BOY IN WO.

Hal did not let Ned see him cry. He sat in the hut; and as he sat, he saw the cat lie on a bed of hay far off. It did not get up, or run off, but

did cry and mew, as if it was ill: so Hal did go to it, and he saw it did not see; and he was sad for the cat; and Hal did rub its ear, and try to be of use to it; and the cat did pur for him; but it did not see him.

Hal sat by the cat, and Ned ran in, to say he was on his way to the man at the cot, to ask for a new pet hen for him; and as he saw Hal pat *his* cat, and rub her ear, Ned put his arm on Hal, and did cry, and say, "Oh, Hal, was I

not a bad boy to you? Yes, I am bad to all! Oh! how sad it is to see my cat! It has no eye, it can not see, and it is ill. Oh! if it did but die, as the hen did!"

Hal.—"Do not be so sad, Ned, we can pet the cat, and try

to be of use to her yet; and as you are not bad now, we may all be in joy."

But Ned was not in joy.

PART VII.

A BOY IN JOY.

Tom now ran in to the hut, and joy was in his eye, and he did say to Hal, "Ned is not bad now, is he?"

***Hal.*—"No, no, he is a new boy: he did**

ask GOD not to let him be bad, and he is our own boy now."

Tom.—"If so, do not let us be sad all day, but let us run to the hay, and try to lay it out to dry for the men who mow."

Ned.—"You can not be sad, Tom, for

you are not bad; but I *am* bad, and can not be gay; do you two go to the hay; but let me go and try if I can get a new pet hen for Hal."

So Tom did say, "Yes, you may go, (and fun was in his eye,) but Hal and I

may go too. Let us get the box and go." So all ran to the box, and Ned did get it; and he set up the lid to put in a bed of hay for the new hen; but, to his joy, the old pet hen lay on its bed in the box; and she did fly out as he set up

the lid; and did fix her eye on him, as if she was in joy to see him.

So Ned did cry out, "Oh, joy; joy, Hal; she did not die! I see how it is, she had got ill, by the bad air in the box; but she did not die!"

And so it was. As Hal and Ned ran off, Tom saw the hen was

too ill to get up, but not so ill as to die; and he had put her on the hot hay in the sun, and let her lie; and she got out of the fit, and got up, and did fly to her box to eat; so all was now joy, as she did not die.

The cat did not see, but she was not ill; and Ned, as oft as he saw her, set her in his lap, and fed her, and did say, "Oh! how sad it is to be a bad boy;" and he was now the pet boy of Tom, and Hal, and all who saw him; and the eye

of GOD was on him, as it was on Hal and Tom.

SECOND TALE.

A CAT IN A BAG.

A

CAT IN A BAG.

SECOND TALE.

IN WORDS OF THREE LETTERS.

PART I.

A SAD BAD BOY.

Sam Ray was a bad boy. He was *so* bad, he did not do as he was bid; but he did

all he was bid not to do.

One day he got an old pet cat, and he put it in to a bag, and did try to tie it up in the bag.

The pet cat did mew and cry, and did try to get out of his way, and she bit him

on the leg, and on the arm, and got off.

But Sam did not let her go far; he ran at her, and got her up on his arm, and hit her a box on the ear. Nor was the box all he did to her; no, he put her in to the bag, and did tie her

up in it; and he cut a rod, and hit her, as she lay in the bag, to get her to cry out. Oh! was he not a sad bad boy?

PART II.

THE BOY WHO WAS NOT BAD.

Hal Ray was *not* a bad boy; and he ran out to see why his old pet cat did mew and cry in so sad a way.

He ran up to Sam,

and did say to him, "Oh! Sam, why did you tie the cat up in the bag? and why do you hit her? It is bad to do so; I can not let you do it."

Sam.---"I do it for fun, Hal; I tie her up in the bag, and I

hit her, and get her to cry, all for fun."

Hal. — "Let her out of the bag, Sam, I beg of you; do let her go. It is no fun to her, to be put up in to a bag, and to be hit, and if pa-pa or ma-ma see you, it may be bad fun

for you; so do let her go, I beg."

Sam did not do as he was bid. No, he did not let her go, but hit her, as she lay in the bag.

Now, his pa-pa and mam-ma did not see him; but GOD did.

The cat did cry and

mew as he hit her, as if she had got mad;

and did try to get out.

As she did so, she saw a rip in the bag, and, to her joy, she got out one paw, and one eye, and one ear; and now the rip ran up to the top of the bag; and pop out got the cat, ear, and eye, and paw, and all.

PART III.

AN EYE OUT.

The pet cat did not now run off, out of the way of Sam. No, she was now as if she was mad; and

she was in ire at him, and ran at him, and, oh! sad to say, she bit him in one eye, so as to put it out; and she cut him on the lip, and ear, and on the eye lid of the eye she had not bit; and the lid of it lay all cut and red on the

eye, so as not to let him see at all.

It was now Sam who was to cry; and, oh! how he did cry out. It was sad to see him; for he saw no one. Tho' the sun was up, and by his ray had lit up the day, for all men to

see, yet Sam saw no one; no air, no sky, no sun! day was now *no* day to him.

PART IV.

ILL IN BED.

Hal now ran in for his mam-ma, and she ran to see her son, and to ask why he did cry: but as she saw his eye lid,

and his ear, and his lip, and the bad eye, all cut in a way so sad, she was in wo for her son, and she did say to Hal, "How has Sam got cut in so bad a way?"

Hal.—"It was the cat who ran at him, mam-ma, and bit him,

and put out his eye; but do not ask me why the cat ran at him."

His mam-ma did not ask, but she put Sam to bed, for he was too ill to sit up. It was sad to be ill, was it not, and it was sad to be in bed too;

but it was *wo* to be *ill*, and *in bed*, and *not to see*, all in one.

PART V.

NOT FIT TO DIE.

One day Sam was so hot, and so ill in bed, he was let to get up; but his eye did not let him sit, or lie, in one way, all day.

He got in to bed, and out of bed, and did try to lie, and try to sit up; but, no, he was so ill, he saw he was to die; and so did Hal.

Hal did cry and sob, to see him so ill; but Sam bid him not.

Sam.—"Do not cry

for me, Hal, for I am a bad, bad boy. I am to die, and yet I am not fit to die! Oh! if I had let the cat go, as you bid me! But I did not do as I was bid, and now I am to die, and I can not see mam-ma, or pa-pa, or you."

So Hal did cry too, and was as sad as Sam. But his mamma said to him, "Do not cry, my boy; Sam is ill, but God can yet fit him to die. It is to be of use to him, God has let him be so ill. The cut on his eye lid is not a

bad one: it is not so ill now as it was; and he may yet see, and not be ill."

Hal.—"Oh! do you say so, mam-ma? Oh! I am in joy if you say Sam may yet see."

Sam.—"Tho' I am

ill now, and tho' my eye is out, I may not die, but may see you *all* yet! Oh, joy! Ah! mam-ma, let us all ask GOD not to let me sin, and not to let me die, but to let me see."

"Oh, yes!" Hal did say, "do let us

ask Him not to let Sam die."

So his mam-ma bid Sam go and say,—"Oh! my GOD, do not let me be a bad boy; but aid me to do as I am bid; and let me do to all, as all are bid to do to me."

PART VI.

THE OLD PET CAT.

In a day or two, Sam was not ill. The bad eye was not so hot and red; and the cut on the eye lid was

not ill at all, tho' he did not yet get the lid up off his eye.

As the day was at an end, he got in to bed, in joy; for he now saw he was not to die: and Hal lay by him, in joy too. As the sun got up, Sam got out of his

bed, and did rub his eye; and, Oh! joy, joy! he saw it was day! "I see the sun! I see the sky! I see the day?" he did say; and he did cry out to Hal, "I see the bed, Hal, and you in it: Oh! get up, get up, and let us run to mam-

ma, and let her see how I can see now!" And his pa-pa, and mam-ma, and Hal, as they saw him, did all cry out, "Joy! joy! our boy can see!"

Sam now ran for the old pet cat, as he had got his eye to see her: and he got her

on his arm, and had her for his own pet; and he fed her, and let her lie in his bed: and the old cat sat on his lap, and did pur for him in joy, as she let him rub her ear. And his mam-ma did say to Sam, "You do not use her ill now,

my son, so we do not see her fly at you, to put out an eye, and cut you, as she did the day you put her up in the bag."

END OF THE SECOND TALE.

THIRD TALE.

SAM

AND HIS

DOG RED LEG.

SAM

AND HIS

DOG RED LEG.

THIRD TALE.

IN WORDS OF THREE LETTERS.

PART I.

THE LAP DOG.

Sam was a big boy, and he had a pet lap dog. He let it lie in

his bed as he lay, or he let it sit in his lap as he sat. He fed it out of all he had to eat; and it was as fat as a fed pig; yet it was not so big as a kid of a day old! Was it not a pet?

It had a red tip to one ear, and it had

one red leg; so now you see why it was dog Red Leg. If Sam bid it put up the red paw on his lap, the dog did as it was bid, and put up no paw but the red one; or if he did say to it, "Go, Red Leg, and get me my hat off the

pin," Red Leg ran for the hat, and got it off the pin for Sam; and got him no hat but his own.

Now, Red Leg was a dog of wit, as you may see; and Sam was a lad of wit, too; and he had got a gun; for he was old and big,

and fit to use one: and he let no one get at it, or use it, but men. But Bob (a boy who saw him get it) was sad, for he had no gun. He was not fit to get one, tho' he was as big and as old as Sam.

Bob was son to an

old man who lay ill in a cot not far off. The old man had no son but him. He had had a son who was not so old as Bob; and *he* was not bad. He was fit to die; so GOD had let him go up to Him in joy; and now the old man had no son

but Bob; and he was a bad, bad boy.

Bob had no dog, nor no gun; but he had a pet of his own, and it was a bad one. You may say it was fit for a bad boy to get a bad pet. He had set a gin one day, and he got an old mag pie in

it; and tho' the mag pie had its leg cut in the gin, Bob did not let it go, but put it up in a box, and had it for his pet.

PART II.

THE DOG AND GUN.

Now Sam and his dog, and Bob and his mag pie, set off one day, to sit on the dry sod in the sun.

The mag pie sat by

Bob, and Red Leg lay on the sod by Sam. The eye of the dog was on Sam; but his lip and his leg lay on the top of the gun.

Now, Bob was in joy to see the lip of the dog at the top of the gun. "It may go off! it may go off!"

said the bad boy. "The gun may go off, and hit Red Leg, and vex Sam. But my pet mag pie can not be hit by the gun; for the top of the gun is to Sam, and to his dog, and not to me or to my mag pie."

But the gun was

not in the way to go off as it lay. It was a new gun, and it was an odd one too. If Sam was to let off his gun, he had to fit a tin cap, or cup, on a peg in the gun; and the cap was to be hit on the top, to set the gun off.

Now Sam had put a cap on the peg of his gun; and Bob saw how he did it: for he had his eye on the gun, and he said, "Oh! if it may but go off, and hit the dog! He is a bad old cur, tho' he has a red leg; and he bit my

mag pie one day. So do, gun, go off, and hit him if you can."

But the gun did not go off, tho' Bob bid it. So he ran and got a log—a big, big log, (he did not let Sam see him get it,) and he let the log hit the cap of the gun on

the top, to set it off; and the gun did go off: and, how can I say to you all the ill it did?

It did not hit Red Leg; but it hit the pet mag pie: and Bob saw her lie on the sod, and he was sad, and did sob and cry.

PART III.

A BAD SON.

To hit the mag pie was not all the ill the gun did. The old man of the cot was not far off, and, sad

to say, the gun hit him; yes, it hit him, and he lay on the sod, as if to die! Bob did not see the gun hit the old man; but it had cut him on the leg: and tho' he did not cry for the cut, yet, as he lay on the sod, he did cry to see

one who was his own son so bad a boy. Bob, now, as the

mag pie lay on the sod, saw how far a gun can go; and he saw, too, how bad it is to set one off; yet he was not so sad for the old man, as for his own pet mag pie: and he said, "Oh! why did the gun go so far? why did it not

hit the old cur who had his lip on it, and who bit my pet?—why did it not hit him?" So he did cry and sob, and was sad.

But Sam said to him, "Do not cry, Bob: the mag pie may not die. It can fly yet, you see; and,

may be, it is not so ill as to die."

Bob.—"Oh! yes, sir, my mag pie is ill; you saw it try to fly, but it can not get up. You may see it now fix its eye on me, as if to ask why I let off the gun at it? No, no, my mag pie

can not fly, nor can it sit. It can but lie on the sod and die. And now I see it die! Oh! how sad I am!" And Bob lay on the sod by his pet; and did cry, and sob, and hit the sod, as we oft see a bad boy do.

PART IV.

A SAD PA-PA.

The old man of the cot saw Bob lie on the sod; and, ill as he was, he got up, to ask if he was hit by

the gun: but, as he saw his son was not hit at all, he said to him, "Oh! Bob, you are a bad boy: I saw you set off the gun; and you see how it has hit me, and cut my leg! You let it off to hit Red Leg, and did try to aim it

at him; but it did not go off so as to hit the dog; no, it hit the mag pie you had for a pet, (as was fit for it to do,) and you saw it die.

"Now, you see the gun has hit me too, and I may die, as the mag pie did; and, if

I do, who can be to you as I am? A bad boy can get no one to aid him, and how can you get on if I am not by you? Oh! my son, my son! bad as you are, I am sad for you!"

Bob got up off the sod, and did fix his

eye on the cut his pa-pa had got. It was not for his pet mag pie he was now sad. No! he was in wo to see his pa-pa so ill.

Sam was sad to see the old man ill, and sad to see Bob in wo; and he said, "Bob is

in wo, sir, to see you so ill; and he is sad, too, I see, for his own sin: so he may yet get off his bad way, and be as a son to you. Do not, I beg, let him see you in ire. He may be of use to you now you are ill; and he can not be so

sad, if you let him be of use to you."

Bob.—"Oh! do not ask him to let me be of use to him. I am too bad a boy. I, who set off the gun, and hit him, can not be as his son."

Sam.—"You can try to be of use to

him, and to be as a son to him now he is ill; can you not?"

Bob did not say yes, or no; but he did cry as he saw the sad cut on the leg of his own pa-pa; and the old man said to him, "You see, Bob, the eye of God is on us

all. Sin can not be hid: for God can see all who sin. He saw you hit the gun, and set it off, as you sat on the sod: and He did to you as you did try to do to Sam. You did try to vex him, and God saw fit to vex you. But God

did it to let you see *how bad* you are, so as not to let you go on in sin."

Bob.—"Oh! I was bad! bad to Sam, who can vex no one; but, oh! how bad I am to you! You can not now let me be as a son to you."

PART V.

THE END.

The old man, and Bob, and Sam, got in to the cot; and as Bob saw his pa-pa so ill, and the cut on

his leg so red, he ran to his bed, and lay on it in wo, and did ask God not to let his pa-pa die.

"Oh, God! I am a bad, bad boy," said he; "a boy of sin! But I am sad for all the ill I did, and now I ask Thy aid to get

me out of the way of sin. Thy Son can see all we do, and He has an ear to all we say; oh! let all I now do be fit for His eye; and let all I say be fit for His ear. And, oh! do not let my pa-pa die! But say I may yet be a son to him;

and let me be Thy son, now and to my end.—Amen."

So Bob got up, and ran to his pa-pa to try to be of use to him; and GOD let him be of use, and let him get all he had to ask for; and in a day or two the old man

was not ill, and he said to Bob,

"You do not vex me now, my boy, for you try, I see, not to be bad; and you see how GOD can aid us all to get out of the way of sin, if we but try to do so."

Then Bob said to Sam, low in his ear, "Oh! Sam, I am in joy now; pa-pa said, '*my boy*.' Oh! I see he can let me be his son yet."

"Yes," said the old man, "I *can* let you be my son. You *are*

my own son now. May GOD let you be His son too."

END OF THE THIRD TALE.

FOURTH TALE.

BOB AND TOM LEE.

A TALE

OF

BOB AND TOM LEE.

FOURTH TALE.

WITH A FEW WORDS IN FOUR LETTERS.

PART I.

A RACE.

It was a hot day, at the end of May, and Bob Lee, as he lay in his bed, said to

Tom, "Let us get up, Tom; see how hot the sun is; let us get up and go out. We can run to the bay, and get a dip in the sea, so do get up and let us go."

But Tom said, "No, Bob, we can not go. The bay is too far off;

we may not go so far, for pa-pa and mamma bid us not."

Bob.—"Why, Tom, the bay is *not* far off at all. The sun is not too hot; and the dew is on the sod yet. Do let us run off, and try to get a dip."

Tom.—"No, Bob;

I can not vex mamma. Tho' the dew is on the sod, yet the air is as hot as if it was mid day; and she bid us not run in the hot sun, or dip in the sea to day, as you have been ill."

Bob.—"But I am not ill to day, sir.

You may lie in bed, if you like it; but, as for me, I am up now, and I can go to the bay by my self."

Tom.—"Oh, do not dip in the sea, Bob, I beg of you. I can get up, too, and we may go and get our dog, and run on the

sod; but do not run to the sea or dip; for, if you do, you may die."

Now Bob was a bad boy: he was as bad as Sam Ray. So he did not do as he was bid, but ran off to the bay, to get a dip.

Tom got up and

ran out too, to try to get up to Bob, and not to let him go. And, as he ran, he gave a call out to Bob, "Oh! do not go on, Bob; do not dip in the sea; do not be so bad a boy. You will vex pa-pa and mam-ma, if you do."

But Bob ran on, and all he said was, "Ha, ha, ha! I am too far on for you to get me, Tom." And as he got to the bay, he put off all he had on, and ran in to the sea, and got his dip, just as Tom got up to him.

"Ha, ha! ha, ha! I am in the sea, you

see. Yes, I am in, up to my arms: you

can not get at me now. Let me see if you can.

"Tho' the day is so hot, Tom, and tho' I ran so far, yet I am not too hot now I am in the sea; no, Tom, I am cold,—oh, too cold."

As he said this, he

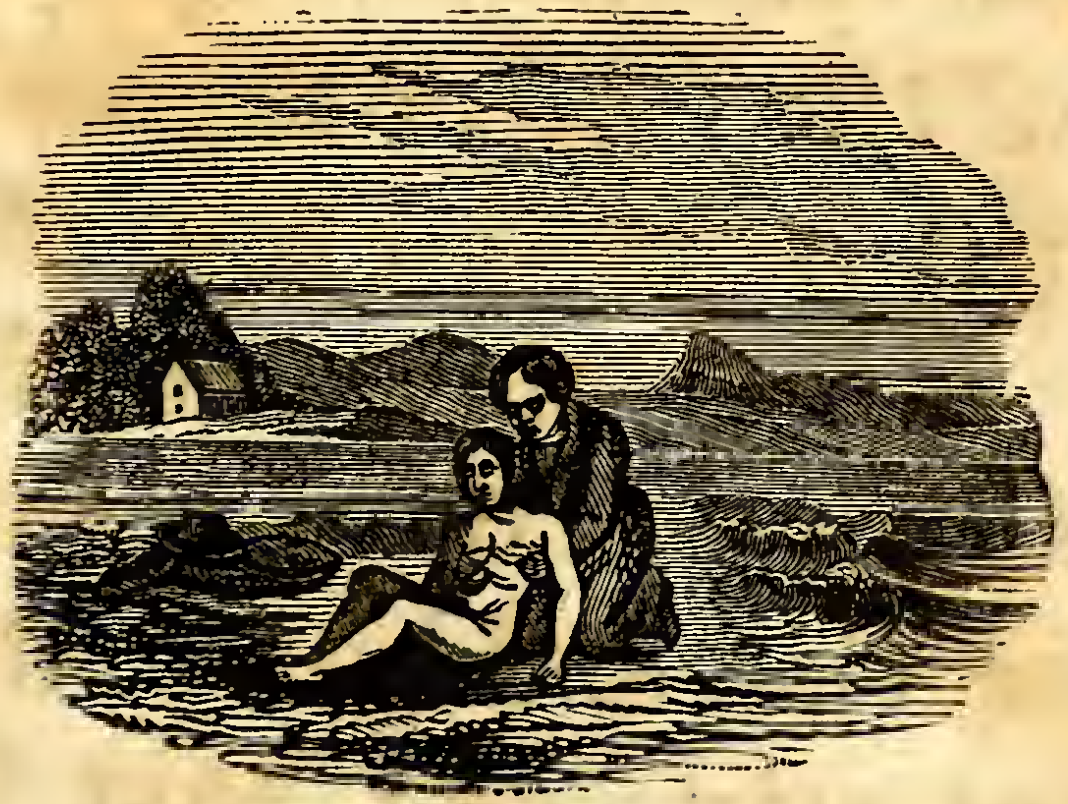
gave a loud cry, and put up his hand to his head, and said, "Oh! Tom, my head, my head!" and he fell back in the sea.

PART II.

A FISH MAN'S COT.

Bob lay in the sea; and if Tom had not run in, and got him in his arms to pull him out, the sea had been his bed to die in.

But Tom got him out at last, and set him on a dry sod, in the sun; and took his



own bib, to dry the wet off him, and to rub him warm; and he put on all he had had on, and sat by him on the sod, and held him in his arms.

But Bob was so ill, he fell out of his arms on the sod, and did not stir. At last he

said, "Oh! Tom, I am ill, I can not see you. Take me out of the sea, and let me go to mam-ma."

Tom was in joy to hear one word from his lip, for he had been sure he was dead; and he said, "You *are* out of the

sea, Bob: and I will get you on my back, and take you to mamma."

So Tom took him up on his back, and bore him on as far as an old fish man's hut, at the end of the bay; and as Tom got to it, he had to lay Bob on

the sod, and to sit on it him self, to rest.

And as he sat, he said to Bob, "Let us try to get in to the hut, and old Sam Joy can let you lie on his bed till I run home for pa-pa or mam-ma, to come for you."

And Bob said,—

"Oh, yes, Tom; do run for pa-pa and mam-ma. I am not so ill as I was, and I can lie on the sod, or go in to the hut by my self: so go, I beg of you."

Tom ran off; and Bob got up to go in to the hut; but he

was so ill, he had to lie on the sod as he was. "Oh!" said he, "I can not get up: God has let me get ill, I was so bad a boy." So he lay on the sod, and did cry and sob, for he now felt how bad he had been.

PART III.

THE BULL DOG.

As Bob lay on the sod, he saw old Sam Joy, the fish man, lay out his net to dry not far off. "Ah! he will take me in to his

cot, and let me lie on his bed," said he; but as he sat up to look for Sam, his eye met the eye of an old bull dog, who, as he saw a boy so near the cot, was on lurk to bite him. Ill as Bob was, he now rose up to try to get up in to an old

elm tree that was near the cot; but the dog ran at him, and got him by the leg, and

bit him: and all Bob had to do was to cry out to Sam Joy, and beg of him to call the dog off; but Sam was too far off, to see or hear him: and Bob said to him self, "Ah! I see how it is: I am so bad a boy, GOD has let no one be near to

help me. Oh! pa-pa, mam-ma, and Tom, why did I not do as you all bid me?" So he gave him self up for lost, for he saw the old bull dog fix his eyes on him, and rush up the tree at him, as if to tear him in bits.

PART IV.

A FOX.

Just as Bob had lost all hope, Sam Joy got to the end of his job. He had set one net in the sea, and had put one out to

dry on the sod; and he was now on the way home to his cot, when he saw his dog make a high leap to get up to some boy who was in the elm tree. And Sam gave a loud call, and said, "Fox, Fox! Oh, fie, Fox!" and off ran the

dog, with a wag of his tail, to meet the old man, and left Bob in the tree.

When Sam came up, and saw Bob Lee in the tree, he was in joy that his dog had not got at him, to pull him down; and he said, "You are hurt,

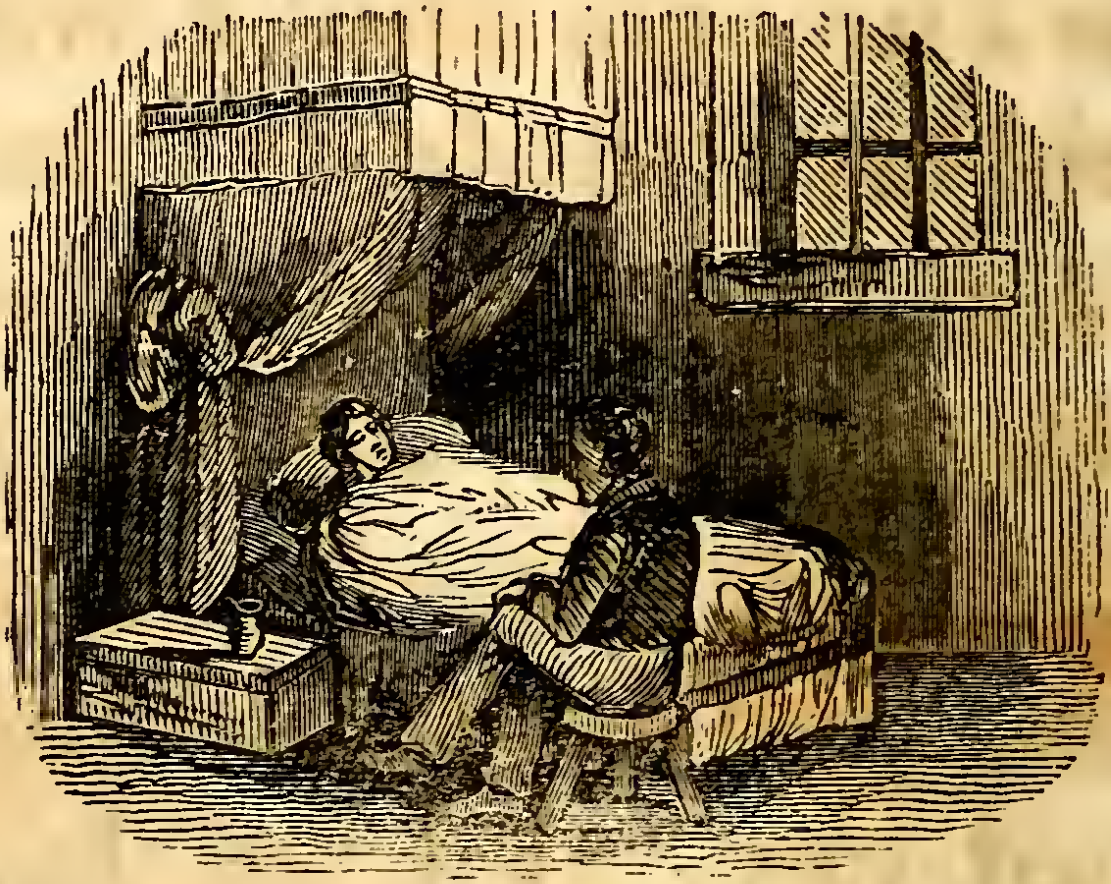
sir. You look pale and ill; and you had best come in to my poor hut, and lie on the bed, till I wash this cut on your leg."

And Bob was glad to go. So Sam got him in his arms; and as he took him in to the cot, Bob said to

him, "Oh, Sam! I am a bad boy. I did dip in the sea, tho' I was bid not to do it: and GOD has made me so ill, I fear I am to die."

Then Sam bid him not cry, and he laid him on his bed, and sat down by his side,

and took care of him all day.



Hour on hour went by, and Bob got more

ill: and now and then he gave a sigh for his pa-pa, and mam-ma, and for Tom; but not one of them came near him, and he saw no one but the old man of the cot all day long.

PART V.

ALL WHO SIN ARE SAD.

As Tom ran home, *he* had got ill too; and when he got in to his mam-ma's room, he had such a pain in his head that he fell down

and had like to die; and tho' he did talk of Bob all day, he did not say how he was, or that he was at the old man's cot: for he did not know what he said or did.

As the dawn of the next day came, Tom was not so ill; and he

then told how he had left Bob at the cot of the old fish man. So Mr. Lee set off in his gig, to seek for his son, and to take him home.

Bob had been in pain and wo all that day; but he had not said one word for a

long time, but lay like a lamb: for he felt that he had been a bad boy, and that he was now to die.

At last, when the sun was set and the day gone, he lay on his face and wept; and he said to the old man, "I see how it is: I am to die

here with you, Sam, and I am not to see my pa-pa or mam-ma. I have been *so* bad a

boy, they can not come to see me." Then he bent down his head, to ask GOD to save him from his sin; and to pray to him for ease, and not to let him die, till he had seen his pa-pa and mam-ma.

"All who sin must die," said he to him

self; "and so, I know I must die." Then he wept, and got so ill, that he did not see, or hear, or know who was in the cot, or who was not. And he got more and more weak, till at last Sam saw that all his pain was at an end.

PART VI.

A SAD MAM-MA.

The old man sat by the bed till the new sun was up, and just as it rose, he saw a gig come to the

door; and Mr. Lee ran in to ask for his boy, and to say he had come to take him home. But when he saw Bob lie, all pale and cold, on the bed, he gave a cry of wo; and when he had sat by his bed for some time, and seen that all

was at an end, he went out of the co[illegible]old the old man w[illegible] must be done, and t[illegible]en got in to his gig, a[illegible]l went home with a sad mind, to tell his poor wife all that had come to pass.

When Tom saw his pa-pa come home, and

was told that Bob was dead, he lay down and hid his face, and knew not what to do.

At last he said, with a loud sob, "Oh, papa! how can we tell mam-ma that Bob is dead?" and Mr. Lee said, "I know not how to tell her." But

just then she came in to the room, to ask why Bob was not come home.

Tom did not say a word, nor did his papa; but she saw them both weep, and she said to Mr. Lee, "Is my boy too ill to come to me? If so, then let

me go to him." But Mr. Lee told her she need not go to him then. "You *will* go to him yet, I hope," said he: "for he was sad for his sin; but he is now gone from us both. His pain is at an end, and he is gone to a life of joy."

"Ah! wo is me: and must I see my boy no more?" said she; and as she said the last word, she got so weak and ill, that Mr. Lee and Tom were in fear for her life too.

Tom was on his knee at her bed side;

and, as well as sobs let him, he said in his mind to God, "Oh, make me a good boy! and let me be a help to my poor pa-pa and mam-ma!"

PART VII.

THE OLD FISH MAN.

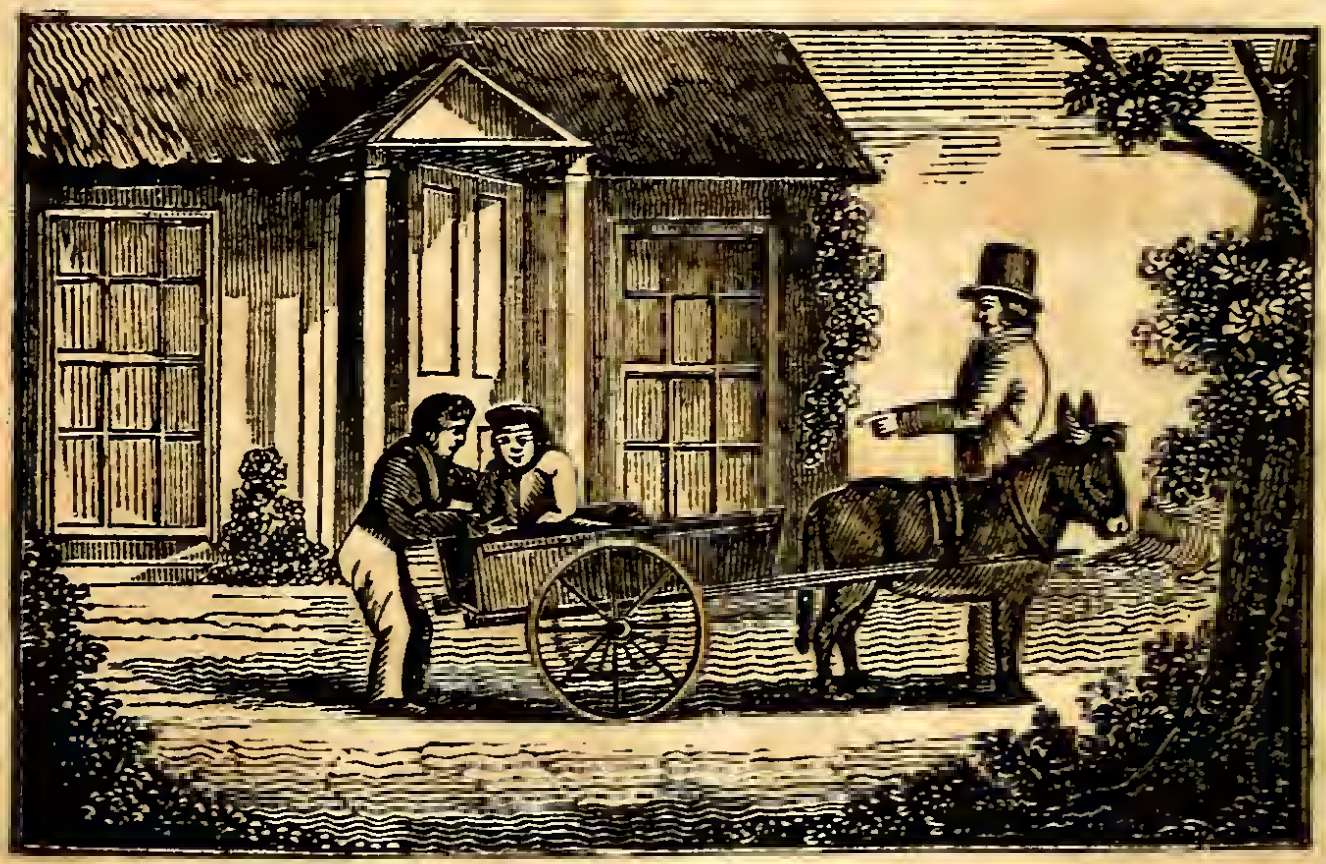
As Tom got up off his knee, he saw Sam Joy at the door; and he went to keep him

back, and to say, that his mam-ma was too ill to see him then. But when he saw the old man, with his ass and fish cart, at the hall door, he felt in ire at him, and bade him take his fish out of that; for no one,

he said, had need of them at Lee Hall that day.

"Do not send me off in that way, sir," said the old man. "I have got a fine live fish here, that, I am sure, you will like to have; just take

a look at it in the cart!"



Sam's face had a look of glee, that made Tom cast his eye on the cart: and what did he see? His own dear Bob laid at his ease on some hay in the cart, and his eyes were set on Tom with joy and love.

Tom gave a high leap in the air, and a cry of joy ; and then got in to the cart, and took Bob in his arms: and he did not let him go till his pa-pa came out, to ask what had made Tom give so loud a cry.

Then Mr. Lee, too,

saw his son as he lay in the cart. He was pale and ill, it is true; but he was in life: and as Mr. Lee got him in his arms, and took him in to the hall, he wept for joy, to have him back with him once more.

Bob had been in a

weak fit, as he lay in the old man's bed at the cot; but his time to die had not yet come. And when he got out of the fit, Sam saw he was not so ill; and he gave him some food, and put him in to his cart, snug and warm,

and led him home to Lee Hall.

When Bob saw him self in his own hall, and his pa-pa and Tom by his side, he was so glad, he did not know what to say or do.

At last he said,—"Oh, pa-pa! take me

to my mam-ma: I can not be in joy till I see her, and till I tell her that I hope I may be bad no more."

So Mr. Lee went in, and told her she was to see her son yet. And then he led Bob in, and set him by her on the same

bed: and I need not tell what joy all were in to see them side by side once more.

From that day, Bob was no more like the boy he had been; but grew mild, and wise, and good, like Tom: and both of them grew up fine boys,

and were let live to a good old age, and were held in love, to the last, by all who knew them.

THE END.

A. V. EMMOTT & SONS
BOOKBINDERS, Inc.
1101 HAMILTON
HOUSTON 3, TEXAS

[illegible] NEW SERIES OF [illegible]

GRANDMAMMA EASTS

NEW TOY-BOOKS FOR ALL GOOD [illegible]

[illegible] TWELVE DIFFERENT [illegible]

Little Tom Thumb and his Mother, 8 [illegible]
Pretty Stories about the Alphabet 26 [illegible]
Multiplication in a merry style.
The Comical Courtship and Mad Fate [illegible]
Little Jack [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Sister [illegible]
Victorial [illegible]
[illegible] Wonders of [illegible]
[illegible] the Little [illegible]
[illegible] Brothers.

[illegible] books are [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] young folks.
[illegible] on [illegible]
The [illegible] which [illegible]
[illegible] best [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]